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VOL. 6. NO. 138.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, Aug. 16. 1862.

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TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.

Little Girl.—"NOW, YOU MUST PLAY COLONEL COME HOME ON FURLOUGH, TO SEE MY COUSIN SUSAN, AS COLONEL BROWN DOES TO SEE AUNT LUCY!"

Jealous Boy.—"YES, AND KISS HER IN THE HALL, MAYBE!—I WON'T PLAY."

Horse-Mariners.

WRITERS versed in nautical history state that, at one time, England was so hard up for sailors that about three thousand London cabmen had to be pressed into the naval service, and that they will probably be drafted again.

We are puzzled to guess why men of that particular calling should be selected for nautical service, unless, indeed, it is that they have all served their time as Cabbing boys.

"On the Cache."

THERE has been a smart action in Arkansas, called the "Battle of the Cache," in which the Union troops were victorious.

This is a matter of congratulation to Colonel HOVEY, who commanded, and who, in thus giving a Check to the enemy, took care that they should fork over the Cache, and that the only stamp paid should be the Stampede by them.

Our Slang.

ENGLISH writers are continually down upon our American colloquialisms—to use a mild expression for slang—and we can hardly wonder that they are. Take, now, our word "plunder," for instance, as applied to a traveller's luggage. It may be suitable enough as applied to a lawyer's "traps," we admit; but, supposing the traveller to be a physician, don't you think that Pillage would be more to the point?

A Word from Vanity Fair.

AMONG the reasons for exemption from being drafted, we find that Idiocy holds a prominent place. We plead that reason for exemption. We voted for BUCHANAN.

EXCITEMENT IN THE MEDICAL WORLD.

IN consequence of the late Military Draft, which a great many people find bad to take, we learn that the following style of thing has come into high fashion:

(CERTIFICATE OF GENERAL INDISPOSITION.)

This is to certify that the bearer, JAMES WHITE FEATHER, aged 21, counter-jumper, has been examined by me, and that he is afflicted with *Tabes Dorsalis*, or Weakness of the back. He has also had two upper Incisor Teeth drawn within a month; and is obliged constantly to use an eye-glass upon public occasions, like Battles and Operas. I think he should be exempt from service, especially as I am sure he can be of no service whatever. BENJAMIN BOHRS, M.D.

A QUERY.

To the Editor of Vanity Fair—SIR: My Aunt Betsy died of Typhus Fever last week, aged 92. Am I exempt? GEORGE GREENE.

Other letters have been received, as follows:

BENJ. YOUNGLOVE was married last week. Do we think he should go?

WILLIAM WEEPER'S wife died year before last. Is he liable?

THOMAS TREMBLE had a grandfather in the Revolutionary Army. Is he exempt?

V. F. indignantly declines to answer these queries, further than to say that if Gunpowder must have Food, these Fellows are a very Proper Diet.

I WANT TO BE COLLECTOR.

AIR:—"*I want to be an Angel.*"

I want to be Collector,
And with collectors stand—
A pen behind my right ear,
A Schedule in my hand:
There, right before the people
So glorious and bright,
I'd bag my nice commission
And count my gains at night.

I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear.
With five *per cent* commission
I'd dwell near Central Park,
And with my tens of thousands
Be happpy as a lark.

I know I'll make great profits—
But ah! men will forgive,
For many little shiners
Will come with me to live;
And when they see my turn-out
And what a trump I am,
Oh! won't they wish to likewise
Collect for Uncle Sam!

I want to be Collector,
And with collectors stand—
A pen behind my right ear,
A Schedule in my hand:
But not in some small village;
I only mean New-York.
Where heavy are the profits
And easy is the work.

What Ho!

THE *Tribune's* supplicatory howl for negro soldiers began long since with the cry, "Ho! for Richmond!" Everybody knows that the Hoe is the proper weapon of the negro; in connection with which it is a curious fact that the Senior Editor of the *Tribune* never has any Hose worth a blue stamp.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM McARONE.

PENINSULA, July 34.

DEAR VANITY:—All is quiet along the lines.

General HALLECK is Commander-in-Chief, and I am happy.

His appointment was strenuously opposed, while I was in Washington, by a gentleman connected with the War-Department, the first letter of whose name is STANTON.

This gentleman wished General ZACHARY TAYLOR appointed to the position. . .

It was with difficulty that ABRAHAM and I could convince him that he was a trifle behind the times.

He said that he was "no more behind the times than he always had been" . . . . a statement to which the President and myself felt bound to subscribe.

HALLECK was appointed, nevertheless.

Don't you see, SCOTT and I wished it.

But weren't the balls flying around merrily this morning, though! Let not the remark mislead you, since I have stated that all was quiet along the lines, 'Tis true, the balls were flying around . . . I have been playing billiards with Captain HORACE COOLEY, of the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts Volunteers, Officer and Gentleman.

Nobody was hurt, on either side.

I won three games out of five.

I and the Captain took Newbern, you remember, a short while ago.

It was not Newbern that we took this morning; it was apple-jack and bitters.

However, let that pass.

I received a call from JEFF. DAVIS last night. He came in disguise, and looked so scaly that I hadn't the heart to arrest him; though I think I should have been justified . . . even by the British Government . . . in so doing.

"Ah! Mac," he groaned, "what will be the upshot of all this?"

"You will be shot up," I remarked.

"I mean, how will it finish?"

"It will finish you."

"O dear! O dear! You and M'CLELLAN are too much for me . . . if FREMONT was only Commander-in-Chief now, I might stand a chance."

"Colonel DAVIS," said I, impressively; "don't you indulge too much in speaking the truth. You ain't used of it; and it mayn't agree with you."

"GREELEY and BRYANT are my best friends."

"Yes, friends to you and your blasted Nigger. You seem peaked. Will you smile?"

"Smiles are not for me," whimpered poor JEFFY; "I wish to gracious I was well out of this. My only hope is for a split in the North. If the Abolitionists, bless their kind disunion hearts, will keep on as they are going, maybe I can succeed yet."

"There's where you'll get your eye shut up," I remarked; "I tell you what, JEFF., we'll hang 'em all first. The Union is our First Cause, and we Northmen sink everything else in that. If you trust to the Abolitionists . . . good Lord, do you know what you are trusting to, man?"

"Well, a fellow must use dirty means, you know."

"Only for dirty work. GREELEY, and BRYANT, and such, are the only help you have, North, for your dirty work, and I can inform you that you might as well expect a yellow dog to whip my black-and-tan, as to expect any sane fighting man to listen to those fellows. Why, bless you, it is the Democrats who do the fighting, and what do you s'pose they . . . I may say we . . . care for your Nigger?"

"I feel bad," said JEFF., mournfully; "I guess I'd better go."

He went.

I missed my watch and sleeve-buttons this morning. That comes of being kind-hearted.

I only wish the good, misguided people who believe the *Tribune* clear through, and think that Paradise is located in the crown of GREELEY's old white hat, might have heard the really warm expressions of friendship JEFF. used concerning the Abolition press. *He* knows, artful dodger, how much he owes to the eternal dissension bred by the Negrophilists.

. . . General POPE is getting along fairly with Western Virginia . . . more than I could have said for FREMONT. But he is a little tonguey in the Proclamation way, and seems inclined to contrast himself with McCLELLAN. I don't know whether or not the *Tribune* has made a bargain with him, as it did with JOHN CHARLES, but I advise him to show at least the amount of respect for his superiors that good-breeding directs. I don't altogether like his slurs and flings at "Strategy," and if he ignores that branch of military science, relying only on "catching" the enemy, he may do as illy as JOHN CHARLES did when he "caught" STONEWALL JACKSON at Cross Keys.

There is nothing like modesty in this world . . .

I am the only modest General in the field . . .

And I am

McARONE.

VIRGINIA, Aug. 5.

There is little war-news from this locality since my last. Baron VON GRASSENHOPPER, Chief of my Staff, had a little skirmish yesterday, which resulted in his having his hair rubbed full of leaves and dirt by an infuriate fair one. She is since reported taken captive, or captivated, or something.

Prince RICKETTS, Chevalier of the Flowerpot and Companion of the Small Hours of the Morning, departed for New-York this morning, with despatch, if not with despatches.

I have decided to call out 300,000,000,000,000,000,000 more men. My plan now is to surround the entire Confederacy with a double file of soldiers, and gradually draw the string. . . .

I want a bag that the cat can't get out of.

I may have to resort to Drafting. If so, let me know how many of your Draughtsmen you can spare for the job.

Abolitionists will be taken, as well as men. Strong-minded women will be received as substitutes for their husbands. Children under twelve, half price.

As for arming the slaves, a young Lieutenant of Quadroons, on my staff, informs me that "white" is a good rayme to "fight;" while "nigger" mates excellently with "digger." Hence I conclude that the normal weapon of the Child of Afric is a shovel and not a rifle. At the risk of offending General POPE, I still consider trenches and breastworks very handy things, and see no reason why the nigger should not Trench upon the domain of his late master.

Intelligent contrabands continue to report the evacuation of Richmond. They say that DAVIS is tired of the defensive, and has concluded to do the other thing.

His plan, as told me by another of his coachmen, who escaped to us lately . . . he has a good many coachmen . . . is to run a flock of iron-clad rams through the Erie canal, and attack New-York in the rear. Simultaneously, the prisoners in Fort Lafayette will "rise," and a good time generally will transpire.

I think I see it.

The Washingtonians are scared again. Some of them think Washington will be taken before Richmond is; if that is so, Richmond will not be taken for a very long time.

But Washington is always being scared.

The only symptom I can see, of any coming difficulty, is that McCLELLAN chews a little more tobacco than usual. I know him well, and when I observed that, I ordered every sound man in the army to hold himself ready for anything that might turn up. . . .

Such is my knowledge of human nature.

It is not impossible that we may have a battle.

Still, the backbone of rebellion is broken, in Virginia. This is reliable.

I shall, therefore, be in Richmond before long. When I get there, I will send you a house and lot, as a trophy. You can put it in the back-office.

Meanwhile, don't worry, and believe nothing that you see in the papers. It is pretty certainly ascertained, now, that the newspaper correspondents with the Army not unfrequently exaggerate.

There is but one who Can Not tell a lie. . . .

And that is. . . .

Your Own Correspondent,

McARONE.

THE TWO TRIBUNES.

SOMEBODY writes us to say that old GREELEY resembles MARAT,
Who, erst, as a Tribune, in France, on opponents wreaked petulant wrath,
Till a check upon CHARON he got from the hand of Miss CORDAY, who, far
From endorsing his paper, *daguerred* him from life as he lay in his bath.

In his bath!—there no simile loiters between *our* Tribune and t'other;
Wishy-washy, indeed, he may be—nay, he *is*, the lymphatic old wight!
Yet not CHARLOTTE CORDAY, herself, with her instinct queer subjects to smother,
Could him have surprised *in a bath*, had her tactics been ever so bright.

LETTERS FROM A COUNTRY EDITOR.

NO. V.

VANITY FAIR:—We stay in Green-Grass most of our time, an' when we go eöut of it we come back agin jus' quix we kin. It's a nextrornary quiet place, no noise, ony just whats made by one saw-mill. We hev lived in it thutty year, an' expek to die with the place. Used to be plenty of bears, but they've got to be considdabul skeerce. We was in your city a year agoe last Febry to buy printin'-types. Rained hard. We got into a Nomnibus, we mean on the outside onto the box, for there was thutteen passingers, ole folks an' young folks, diskeöunting the babes. Every few rods we gee a little, pull up and take in more. At last we say to the gennelman who druv: "How's yer health? Put smart rain, but the springs is gittin' put low. That't a good team of yours, but aint you got on too much lud?"

"No, sirrrrrrh!" he reply, "not a bit of it. They wud drag twict as much if it rained twict as hard. No difficul' abëout that. *It's the startin' up what hurts 'em.*"

That struck us. There was flosfy in it, an' a good deal of it. It was the startinyupp that hurt 'em, an' we sud think it wud, for they stretched like ingen-rubber; arter that they slipped along easy, as ef they were on the ice, and part the way they actooaly slid.

"Don't these stuns, so many of them," we said, "hurt their feet? Whar do you keep your blacksmith's shops?" for they kept a strikin' fire the hull time. "In our part of the kentry we cart the stuns off the track. Where do you stop to water? Don't seem to be any troffs. Where's all that string of carts goin' to? 'Pears to me that they're goin' somewha-ar for suthin par-tick-elar that they wa-arnt a good deal of."

"I guess," said he, "you must be a Yankee. Where do you hail from?"

"From Green-Grass," we replied.

"Wal, whar's that?" he sed laughin'—so we told him.

"Are you a teamster?"

"No, we are an editor; we drive a printin' press."

That surprised him. He turned way reound onto his box, and looked at us as ef he thought we were humbuggin' him, and wasn't agoin' to pay our passage, but seein' that our looks was honest, he considered a spell. "Wal," said he, "a newspaper's a wehicle, and so's a 'buss a wehicle."

"Certingly," we replied, "ony one conweys idees."

"That's so. What party do you s'port?"

"The hull country, the constitution, the government, an' the laws."

"Good!" says he; "I'll take your fare," an' holding his arm high up toward heving, he hollyred with a loud woice—Ride up! ride up! ride up! We didn't know but what he thought we ought to be translated. We hed gret deal pleasant conwersation with him, an' axed him warious questions, sich as how long he hed druv a team, how ofting they turned eout in these diggins to mend the ruds, whether the highway tax was hevy, what school district he lived in, whether he carried the ministers for nuffin, an' what keind o' Select-men they hed. Arter a while he sot us deöwn by a tall meetin'-house by the side o' the rud, jist whar two other ruds turn to the right an' the left with a straight turnpike ahead. We ask a dozen people ef they knowed whar our Cousin JOHN W. BUGBEE reside, an' not one on 'em gin us a civil answer, which rather sot us agin your place. We went into fifty stores to buy a gimlet to bore a hole in our chest, an' not one of 'em hed it. Now, my dear fren', beside bein' laaft at, losin' our way, and losin' our umberell, which was stole from us by some of your folks, we brought nuffin away with us arter we got our types but what we got on top of the omnibus. It's the best institution that you got. Reason why? Because it helps along more people nany other, and purwides more nany other against a rainy day. Railruds is good, but you run a railrud through you Main street, and it will spile it. I tell yer this as a citizen of Green-Grass, and maybe your folks will listen to a man of comming sense who has got no interest into it. Enuff on that pint. But what we was agoin to say is, that it's the *startin' up* where the strain is, in hosses, in omnibuses, in steam engines, in early risin', in the American eagle, and so on. It is in budgin an inch and not in runnin' a mile. You see an eagle way up. How he sails! how he sails!—Paps we ought to say, how he swims! how he swims!—For, O we have watched him in his own blue Ocean, buoyed majestic on the Billowy clouds—not a feather rumpled, not a liniment disturbed, not an opinion changed—gliding onward with incomparable grace—with his talents in his bosom clutching the arrowy sunbeams, and his wings outstretched to be upheld by the rising storm—his bosom heaving, his eye flashing back light to the clouded sun, still as death, but breathing the atmosphere of life—all motion, but he seem to be at rest, and careering as it appear to us to the wery haven of peace.

Once we seen him on the ground, with a lamb in 's clutches, and the farmer after him, but he flopped and he walloped and he banged the air, and we didn't think that he would get off. Onct when we was a boy we seen a Bloon gup with a French lady in it, waving the Star-Spang' Bann', and the Bloon knocked about among the tree-tops and houses, and then it riz like a feather. *It was the startin' up that hurt it.* So it is with life, my dear fren, and so it has been with the kentry, jullike an omnibus. C'aib'l smëart strain at fust. We hed thirteen to carry when Gin'l WASHINGTON tuk the reins. Some folks thinks that's an unlucky number. We don't. Its good's any number. Thutteen dollar's better'n twelve. We wish there wuz a little superstition on that pint, an's quix nany body found he hed thutteen doll's nis pocket he'd gin away one for charity. But our folks is pretty practical when it comes to that. We don't like a wery practical man any more than we do a wery impracticable one. One's got one rule for all things. Tother's got no rule for nuffin. This is off the pint. But we were saying that we rulled along smooth enuff after the Revolution when we once got started. Hed thutteen to carry along, and a good man on the box. Wal, we kept agoin' tull we got on to the war'v 1812. There wuz startin' up again, an' it hurt us ony so far as it strained us a little. We can tell yer one thing, and that aint two. There's nuffin does us s'much good's what hurts us most ef we are in an honest struggle. That war killed some of our folks, who wud most on em been dead now any how, but it warn't bad for us in the eend. Some went in for it heart and soul, and some fought against fighting, jist as long as they could, for *prices was very high*, and Wellington boots cost suthin! We hev got to hate our frens on the other side of the pond gret deal mone'n we do, before we'll love 'em half 's much's we oughter. That's so. But what was the codensequens? There was startin' up to be did, an' we done it. We hed different drivers on the box, but the wehicle was well constituted and the team strong. No difficul', no difficul'. Ride up? ride up? ride up? Insteat of thutteen we tuk in twenty, thutty—more too, because they wanted to come in, and it was gret deal better for them and faster to ride for a small tax than to walk, and we were strong enuff and adequate enuff to carry twicet the number. There they sot face to face, folks of all sorts an' all sizes, some rich, others poor, sometimes treadin' onto one another's toes an' quarl'n a little, but all carried along jist as well, if not better than ef they was in the king's coach. Neöw let's see whar we be. We've come on, on, on, 'sibbul long journey, and jist whar we can see more from the box then ever we done—and thank God we've got a rail good driver—there's some trouble—some of the passingers want to get eöut. That wunt do—for those who jump eöut of a wehicle when it is agoin ony brek their own necks. Besides that, my dear fren, government aint in all respects like an omnibus. We use that figur jist fur's we please, but no furder. It's got wheels, got reins, movin' princip'l, and so on, but we cant hev folks gittin in jist for their own conweniens 's long 's they can mek the driver go whaar they tell him, and then stop the hull lud to get eout at any crossin they please, or smash up the hull carriage if he wunt do it. Wal, we're wery much in that position. We haint stopped, but the road is hard, the inside people is discontented, some folks is lookin' on who want to see the hull concern upsot, there's a tremendous strain, there's *a startin up* that hurts us now, but with a good smart whip laid onto the off horses, and a tight rein, we shall rull along agin with better speed and keep on our way to the station house. There's one thing more we want say neow, that those who are outside, and hev hed a disposition to interfere, hed better let the hosses heads alone. Time enuff to do that arter the driver's thrown off the box, and no government. Next to jumpin' eout it's the most dangerous thing to try to head off a team, with the hope of gettin' them into the ditch. These is our views which we should express in our own press, if we hed one, but some of these days, when the kentry is out of trouble, we hope again to be *startin up* at Green-Grass, or elsewhere. I am, etc., your friend, etc., PERLEY C. TUCKER.

ALL A-LEAK!

THAT living cullender, the epidermis,
Is in these dog-days doing so much straining,
That if protracted this o'erheated term is,
There of our suet won't be much remaining.
Each pore's a tap, even as a still-tub's worm is,
And flesh and spirits through the vents are draining,
Fair woman drips like a fresh-landed mer-miss,
And man's "brief candle" sputters in the waning.

Of jingling ice the music is delicious,
And oh! to change for the light garb of Eden,
This modern costume hot and meretricious,
That each square inch of surface puts a bead on.
In our own gravy Sol seems bound to dish us,
As if hot joints it was his cue to feed on.
Oh! for a breeze from Labrador, propitious,
Oh! that old Sirius had his rabid spree done!

ACROBATICS IN THE CITY HALL PARK,

AS PERFORMED ON A SINGLE CHAIN BY OUR HEAVY CONTRIBUTOR.

"UNCLE SAMUEL," TO "JOHN BULL," ESQUIRE.

AIR—"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

SHOULD the old likeness be forgot,
And never brought to view,
Between the kettle and the pot,
In the days of Sixty-two?

Mark your own blackened phiz, JOHN BULL,
With History's naked eye,
Ere with mendacious microscopes
Our spots you magnify.

That blot upon your brow, JOHN BULL,
Inevitably sticks,
Since TARLETON'S "Babes" cut women's throats
In the days of Seventy-six.

A smirch glows on your "beak," JOHN BULL,
Of sanguinary hue,
Since Sepoys from your cannon's mouth
In bloody fragments flew.

And on your griping fists, JOHN BULL,
A curious stain one sees
Of tea and opium, mixed with blood
Of massacred Chinese.

The sun upon your realms, JOHN BULL,
Doth never set, you say:
'Tis pity! for "at night," you know,
"All cats alike are gray."

But in the light of day, JOHN BULL,
The De'il himself doth fail,
With all his art, 'tis said to hide
His cloven foot and tail.

When on these things you think, JOHN BULL,
You really must admit
That when you call us black, you are
A precious hypocrite!

A CHOICE BOOK FOR FAMILIES.

THE *Tribune* announces as

"NOW READY, A BOOK WHICH SHOULD BE IN THE HANDS OF EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD IN THE NORTHERN STATES—AMONG THE PINES."

If this is the style of literature our families are to be regaled with, it is about time the public should know what it is they are called upon to buy. Of the merits of the work we know nothing beyond the perusal of a portion of it in the *Continental Monthly* for July, and if that is a fair sample we hope the moral philosophers of the *Tribune* will see that it is expurgated of its profanity before appearing in a volume. The frequency of vulgar oaths in that portion induced us, as a matter of curiosity, to count them, and we have to report some forty-five very profane expletives, served up with delicate dashes to take off their edge. We had hoped that since the publication of "Trumps" in the so-called "Journal of Civilization," alias *Harper's Weekly*, some time ago, no other periodical would have been found guilty of admitting such language to its columns, but we were deceived, as this is, if possible, more vulgar and profane than that choice work was. We do not profess to be a so-called organ of "civilization" or "humanity," as those journals, *Tribune* included, arrogate to themselves, but we do profess to be an organ of "decency," and, as such, we enter our protest against the publication of a work so filled with vulgarity and profanity.

Soft, but Striking.

THE *Herald*—ingenious in warlike expedients—suggests that "our naval authorities put their heads together," and blockade the rebel fleet in the Yazoo River. Doubtless "our naval authorities" could make no better use of their "heads;" but it may well be doubted whether so mushy an impediment would be very potent to check the rebel rams. In any event, however, we might witness an interesting case of butting; and, perhaps, a few naval block-heads might advantageously be converted into literal dead-heads.

COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

MUSHROOMS were among the confiscated articles from the *Circassian* prize steamer sold the other day. As the whole Confederacy is only One Great Mushroom, we don't see the propriety of its trying to import that particular article.

That Simple Rustic, John Bull:

A YOUTH WHO IS ALWAYS READY TO SWALLOW ANYTHING, AND TO BELIEVE IN EVERYTHING HE SWALLOWS.

THE REVELATIONS OF DRAFT.

DECEPTION, that acute cutaneous affliction of the body social, has all at once been detected in its hidden retreats, and exhibited conspicuously for what it is worth by the Doctor with his Draft. Ever since the fell edict has gone forth that "the man who *can* serve, but *won't* serve, must be made to serve," the most remarkable revelations are daily developed with regard to human age, character, legs, joints, muscles, nerves, thews, sinews, toes, fingers, hair, eyes, ears, intellects, morals, antipathies, habits, patriotism, and other parts too numerous to catalogue in these columns. Men are coming out in their true colors; which, we are pained to observe, are not in all cases represented by the honorable "red, white, and blue."

It is, indeed, a new and startling fact—to us, at least—that Drafting is your only true leveller on this side of the Grim. The confessions of that inimitable sniveller, the late JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, are but three-water milk in comparison with those now daily volunteered by shuddering wights who late were swaggering blades, on whom the bug-bear Draft has imposed the dire obligation of proclaiming themselves either lunatics, idiots, paupers, habitual drunkards, constitutional cowards, infamous castaways, or some other such lepers of society, according to individual tastes. The only wonder is how so many confidence-imposters could so long have dodged the jail, how such crowds of imbecile cripples could for years have evaded the asylums. There are tests for all things, however, and Drafting is one of them.

Let the revelations of Cowardice go their way, though; they shall be cherished among the experiences of life long after the revealers have skedaddled as fast as their vacillating limbs will carry them. The most harrowing results of Draft will fall with crushing weight upon that large though small class of society, the "made-ups." There are many, many swells of sixty who have, time out of mind, passed themselves off for forty, and upon them the certainty of conviction must flash with a keen, cold blade.

Everybody who has ever kicked the beam of the social scale in New-York City, knows how far the cosmetic is trusted as a regulator of time—some seem to think as a regulator of eternity. The barber, the dentist, back nobly the cosmetic in its rejuvenating circuit, so that forty, if able to liquidate the necessary expenses, can remain at forty for an indefinite term of years, according to doctors and *physique*. It is distressing to think that the Draft has changed all that—changed the sytem, and, O dear us! changed, how sadly, the men. It won't pay to be forty, now that under forty-five is liable to knapsack, and the instantaneous consequence is that no end of young fellows have suddenly became old. The detested crow has now planted its foot firmly upon the countenance of a class, and is waving its wings at the old fellows with a caw of diabolical satisfaction.

Let us adduce a frightful example.

No sprucer man-about-town than VAN VILKINS ever played the part of *flâneur* upon Broadway since we can remember—which is a good while. Somewhat below the middle height, but of that peculiar delicacy of figure which can be expressed only by the French adjective *svelte*, VAN V. was usually set down by his acquaintances as a gentleman whose allowance of metrical feet was but little short of six. For luxuriance of natural, flowing locks, HYPERION might have been a very vulgar satyr compared to VAN V., whose moustache, also, was distinguished for possessing a natural wax of its own that would have made any ordinary *Pommade Hongrois* blush up to the brow of its bottle with vexation. The teeth with which VAN V. smiled, and masticated, and smiled again, were superhuman. Envious elephants observed those teeth, and theirs fell out with vexation. The velvetude of the skin of VAN V. was quite the topic in fashionable *salons*.

This was the day before yesterday.

Yesterday—pardon us for so suddenly repeating the word—as we enjoyed a twilight stroll in Madison Square, we were accosted by a very tidy, respectable-looking old gentleman, whose appearance was entirely strange to us, though we had a shadowy remembrance of the wiry little cough that followed him about like a Skye terrier. As he removed his hat to enjoy the breeze that rippled upon a silver poplar, we saw that his head was quite a spectacle for baldness, although we must allow that it was neatly enough fringed with a selvage of fluffy, brindled hairs, each of which stood up for itself. At first, owing to the twilight, which happened to be gray, we did not perceive that he wore a moustache, which, being of the same color as the twilight, became amalgamated with it, and did not show. He had but few, if any, teeth to speak of or with, and his circumference a little way above the hips must have exceeded that of his shoulders by at least a foot.

"You don't recognize me?" said he, inquiringly.

Hadn't we said we didn't, wouldn't we have been a liar!

"I am VAN VILKINS," proceeded he, not at all cheerfully, but in fact with unnecessary expletives, which we omit as irrelevant to the occasion. "I am VAN VILKINS, and you don't think I'm such a fool as to walk about with a wig on, and a corset, in such blasted hot weather as this—eh? You think I look old, maybe? Well, that's my business. GOSSAMER began to look old to-day, and PILLBOW swears he is going to be quite old from the day after to-morrow, and we're all in the same boat, sir, as long as this weather lasts!"

By the Weather he meant the Draft.

NOBODY'S FUNERAL.

Not with pomp of martial banners,
Nor with trumpet nor with drum,
But all quietly and sadly,
See the poor man's funeral come.

Tramp of feet along the causeway,
Crash of wheels along the street,
All is turmoil and confusion,
Where the tides of traffic meet.

Wherefore stay the busy workers?
Wherefore must enjoyment stay?
Shall an unimportant carcase
Spoil our sport and block our way?

Ho! come up there, Omnibuses!
Valiant Wagons, form and charge!
We will teach the undertakers
That they cannot run at large.

Crash—against the carriage-panels,
Crash—against the dingy hearse:
Take away your stupid pageant,
Fellows, or we'll serve you worse!

So the life-tide rolls—not giving
Time to weep, nor time to pray;
And the funeral-train is scattered
'Mid the tumult of Broadway.

Other nations, not so polished,
Nor so virtuous, by half,
Pay respect to human ashes—
We're progressive, so we laugh.

Laugh—and when the sad procession
Timorously steals along,
Round it press with horrid clamor,
All regardless of the wrong.

Physical.

A SENSIBLE physician of our acquaintance often recommends his patients to attend the theatre, but more especially the circus. His principle is, that a Tumbler full of Summer-saults is better than a gallon of Glauber for the promotion of a cheerful frame of mind. We are inclined to agree with that sensible physician.

ON CHANGE.

Mrs. Jones. (*awaking suddenly.*)—"O MY! JONES! WHAT'S THE MATTER? ROBBERS?"
Jones.—"NO, MY DEAR. I ONLY THOUGHT I HEARD THE JINGLE OF A COUPLE OF QUARTERS; BUT I MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING!"

THE true connecting-link between the Vegetable and the Animal.
Lavender Kids.

Transpose.

A DAILY belonging to the Rabid Press lately conveyed an opinion as follows:

"While we lie still the Rebels plot."

There *may* be truth in this; very probably there is. But the line would have contained one strictly applicable to the Rabid Press, itself, had it only run thus:

"While we still lie the Rebels plot."

THE Man who "does not See it."
The Land Lubber.

Bootyful Idea.

"HEAVY boots," began ORSON, "are the proper things for the soldier—he *must* be provided with the heaviest kind of boots."

"Why so?" asked VALENTINE.

"Because," replied ORSON, "the more Wait he has in his boots, the less Skedaddle."

Strong, if not Sweet.

AT a consultation of root doctors, lately held in the house of Mrs. SAIREY GAMP, for the purpose of considering the state of lethargy under which our mutual uncle, Samuel, is at present suffering, Dr. GREELEY gave it as his opinion that nothing short of Black Draught can put the old gentleman on his legs again.

"WELL, if I Must I Must," as the brewer said when his customers requested him to brew nothing but Musty ale.

"Haste to the Wedding."

THE "Personal" department of a daily paper informs its readers that "the speedy marriage of a distinguished member of the Cabinet is among the gossip of Washington."

We trust that the facile itemizer is misinformed. The old rule of "marry in haste and repent at leisure" remains in full force, on which account "speedy marriages" are to be deprecated.

Suiting the Word to the Action.

IT is reported that the difficulties hitherto thrown by the Rebels in the way of the exchange of Col. CORCORAN and other loyal officers, have arisen from the persistent opposition of Gen. FLOYD, who refused to hear of it, because "a fair exchange was no robbery."

Those who are acquainted with the principles of FLOYD, will doubtless give credence to this report.

A VOICE FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

"YOU'LL FIND NO CHANGE IN ME."

A BAND OF COWARDS.

"CAPTAIN MIREHOUSE took out one hundred and forty-five first-cabin passengers per Etna, 28th ult., and after getting to sea he found there were quite a number from New-Orleans and other disaffected cities, and these people called on him 3d July, and informed him that if any celebration was attempted the succeeding day *it would be interfered with by them, and that a disturbance would likely take place.* Accordingly, with the advice of most of the cabin passengers, Captain MIREHOUSE decided to have no active celebration, such as is usual on all our steamers Fourth July, and he believes by adopting this course he avoided having a very serious disturbance on board, and most likely prevented bloodshed."

We should like to know the names of "most of the cabin passengers" who advised Capt. MIREHOUSE, of the steamship Etna, not to offend the delicate susceptibilities of some of the rebel passengers who, fleeing from the wrath to come of an outraged land, could not bear to have the Anniversary of our Independence celebrated on board that ship. Let the cowardly list, headed by the pusillanimous Captain, be paraded everywhere, that loyal men may know them, and execrate them for their poltroonery. Will Mr. JNO. G. DALE, the agent of the line, let us have it? Bloodshed! Bah! The blood of such Northern men run water.

An Extreme Southern View.

WE glean from the *Petersburgh Express* the following little topographical item:

"It is a matter of congratulation with every friend of freedom and the South to know that the present position of MCCLELLAN'S army is one of the hottest, perhaps, on the soil of Virginia. Persons residing in Petersburgh, entirely familiar with the locality, say that out of Tophet there is no place to compare with it."

The above paragraph is liberal in its construction, leaving readers to determine, according to individual sagacity, the particular locality with which the informants of the *Express* are stated to be so "entirely familiar"—Petersburgh, or Tophet. For our part, we incline to think that the latter is the place meant. It has its Southern proclivities.

WIND-ALL PHILLIPS.

HIS yeasty orator has become a raving maniac, and is yet, owing to the shameful negligence of the authorities, at large. When last seen, he was rushing about the country with corn-stalks in his hair, and very little clothing of any other kind to speak of on his person. His hallucinations have some very remarkable features. For instance, he imagines that Illinois lawyers must be anatomists, and has been travelling round among them with eager gesticulations and haggard eyes, beseeching them to inform him whether President LINCOLN is furnished with the normal allowance of spinal vertebræ. Sometimes he fancies himself a tailor, which is funny enough, considering that he has never sewn anything in his life except dissension. At Abington, the other day, he told the people that he had been to Washington, where he "took Mr. LINCOLN'S measure," but found him very difficult to fit with trousers, on account of his being a "turtle," and consequently unprovided with legs. He is quite violent at times, when, to use his own incoherent expression, he becomes "a maelstrom awful to contemplate." By and by, WIND-ALL PHILLIPS, if allowed to remain at large, will ravage the country like a Wild Bore, as he is, and then the proper authorities will have to pay the damage, which might have been avoided had they locked him up in time.

INCONVENIENCE OF POSTAGE-STAMP CURRENCY.

As the following letter represents the interests of a very large class of the community, we willingly give insertion to it:

"AUGUST 6, 1862.

"VANITY FAIR, *Sir*:—Having had occasion to cross over from Green Point to the city, a few days since, I proceeded to the ferry that runs between those places, where I offered the money-taker a three-cent postage-stamp for my fare. This he refused to take, saying that no "corn-salve," as he termed that paper currency, should pollute his blessed money-box. Being destitute of metallic currency, and very anxious to get to New-York by a certain hour, I entered into an altercation with the man, during which the boat left the pier, and I had no alternative but to plunge into the briny estuary and swim across to the foot of Tenth street, which I did. Having transacted my business in the city, I went, naturally, to take a drink, on proceeding to pay for which I found nothing in my pockets but a red, pulpy mass, resembling nothing so much as mashed tomatoes. That pulp was the mortal remains of three thousand red postage-stamps with which I had stuffed my pockets previous to leaving the Long Island shore. I fought the bar-keeper for the price of the drink, and got a black eye. Proceeding to the laboratory of an eminent chemist, I engaged him, at a very heavy fee, to undertake the task of drying the postage pulp, and restoring the stamps to their original condition of sticky abomination. While he was thus engaged, some retorts passed b tween us, one of which exploded, killing the laboratory cat and setting the premises on fire, the result of which was that the block in which the laboratory was situated became a prey to the devouring element. After this I went to a great many places, to hunt up some friend from whom I might haply borrow three cents to enable me to return to my home at Astoria, as I could not again swim the estuary, owing to the loss of both my arms by the explosion of the retort. They laughed at me, all my friends did, saying how green I must be to think that anybody in New-York had three cents to lend. Finally, after wandering about the streets all night, I was taken up for a vagrant, and sent to Blackwell's Island, where I remained for some days, until my condition became known to my family, by whom I was bailed out, after being sworn to keep the peace toward all men for six months, owing to the black eye. The chemist has brought an action against me for the loss of his laboratory, and the respective owners of the burnt buildings respective actions for their respective losses, respectively. Now, sir, what I want to know is, have I not just cause for action against the Ferry Company, to obtain compensation for my great losses and disappointments? An answer will oblige

"Your obedient servant, ASTORIAN."

We think that ASTORIAN, under the circumstances, should bring his action in the Marine Court. The Ferry Company is clearly liable for all the losses, including the laboratory cat: but there is one point that sharp counsel may bring to bear against ASTORIAN, viz., that the attempt to make Red postage-stamps pass Current between Green Point and New-York looks like *felo de se*, and may be a matter for a *de lunatico inquirendo*.

"A LITTLE EXPLANATION."—THE TRIBUNE BERRIED ALIVE.

As nobody has seen fit to "bite" the first Strawberry of the lot sometime since offered by the "*Tribune* Ass'n" as an inducement to hesitating subscribers, those enterprising and fruity publishers "judge that a little explanation is necessary," and accordingly proceed to explain themselves in an eloquent half-column. It is a common thing for those whe have stated an obscure proposition to illustrate it by means of a supposed case, none the less to the purpose that it is improbable in itself, or even impossible. So the *Tribune* illuminates its plan of subscription with a supposed incident—thus far totally fictitious and obstinately intangible. "For instance," it observes, "if we should receive an order to-morrow as follows, 'Send *Weekly Tribune* one year to JOHN SMITH, Concord, N. H., (on Strawberry list,)' we should put his name at the *head of the list*, and he would get the *first plants sent out*."

What more familiar example could the *Tribune* have cited? How often (since we dream of that of which we often think with strong desire) must it have seen that unbelieving and unsubscribing Concorder coming up smilingly, and leading off a list which must soon become legion, with the honest though rather hackneyed old signature,

"JOHN SMITH,"

and at the earliest subsequent moment, with glittering eyes and moist forehead, putting out his two dollars and asking for his "plant," in tones all husky with subdued emotion!

These dreams so obfuscate one's mind! How else could our senile contemporary have seemed to realize the fact that "over half a million" of these plants "will be required"—at the rate of one to each subscriber!

"Any of our exchanges," it says, "noticing this new way of *spreading good fruit over the country*"—the "fruit" being the main thing, and not the *Tribune*—"and sending us a marked copy of the paper, will be placed upon the strawberry list."

This fine flavor distinguishes the whole of the article, which concludes as follows:

"We do not ask any one to subscribe for the *Tribune*, on purpose to get these new strawberries, *though we presume many will;* but we do ask all our present subscribers, in consideration of this token of our good-will, to continue with us another year. We are sure that they will be well satisfied that they have done so, *whenever they see the great beauty and excellence* of these new berries."

The *Tribune* is right in being sure of this, for such a berry must be cheap at the money. But how about the "great beauty and excellence" of the *Tribune?* Why, is it such a pill that it must be done up in a strawberry before any one can swallow it?

That's the question.